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by those in the drier soil of Castile. Water is a tasteless acid, a neutralized oxygen. Manure, in general, stimulates to premature and extraordinary growth, but the natural increase, though too tardy to meet the demand of the market, gives the most solid and substantial nutriment. We look to quantity, more than quality,—to sell, rather than to consume. We are always drawing manure from a distance, when perhaps the best materials for a good *compost* lie beneath our feet, in the untried earth, below the depth of seven inches. If this under stratum could at once be turned over, and be laid on the surface, with exposure to the air, it might re-invigorate the old soil, or generate a more productive one, at least for certain kinds of vegetables. There is not perhaps a farm of any extent, which, by a careful examination and comparison of all its parts, and by a consequent judicious admixture of these separated portions, might not be made in a great measure, to manure itself. Nature scatters around us the germs of abundance. We have only to combine her elements in proper times, places, and proportions. In every place perforation would succeed, not in finding coal or metallic ores, but in finding the proper assimilator with the surface stratum, to make productive *soil*, either sand mixed with clay, or gravel interspersed with shells, or a bed of limestone, every thing requisite for that best possible constitution and texture of ground in its due proportion of clay, sand and lime. When this due proportion is attained, the fertility of the soil may be considered as permanently established. The atmosphere, with a small portion of vegetable and animal matter, will supply all that remains necessary. A good constitution of soil is the thing wanting. This will

be permanent. Manures are often mere stimulants, and their effects are temporary and exhausting. X.

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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THOSE who wish to shackle and bolt up the human mind, and dread all change, as hazardous innovation, particularly the professors and practitioners of the law, have so successfully depreciated *Utopia*, a book, though written by Sir Thomas More, a chancellor, as to fix upon what appears most visionary and impracticable the term *Utopian*. It is indeed strange, that as the world grows older, it should be the aim of such men to put it under the guidance of a younger age, more ignorant, and, evidently, more inexperienced. They venerate experience in the individual, but in considering the human race as an individual, they seem to account it as nothing. Here they allow the child not only to lesson the man, but to hold him in subjection by the spectres and illusions of the cradle. The veneration paid, and naturally paid, to hoary age in the individual, deceives us, when transferred to the authority of our forefathers taken in the mass. We are *their* forefathers in knowledge and experience, in the accumulation of facts, in the history of nature, and of human nature, and in the generalization of multiplied observations, upon both the external and internal world. We are ancestors to times past, and merely children to posterity. In such works as that of Sir Thomas More, we contemplate the glorious anticipation of a great mind, bursting the bonds of servile prejudice, "like flax that was burnt by fire," and penetrating from the darkness which imprisoned him, into the illustration and im-

provement of future times. The rays of this illumination already surround his head, and encircle it, as with a glory.—That head, which he laid down on the block, on the orders of the butcher King, with as much unconcern as on his pillow. However his Utopia may have been treated as visionary and impracticable, on a small scale it has been realized; as to the community of goods, the extinction of private property, the necessity of general labour, the exertions of the whole community, and the public superintendence. Such books as the *Utopia of Morg*, the *Ocean of Harrington*, the *Sethos of Ramsay*, are seeds that lie long in the ground inactive, but when times and circumstances favour, the seminal principles quicken into germination, then the growth accelerates, and posterity, at length, reposes under the shade of a seed sown ages before. Then arise such men as *Jeremy Bentham* and *Sir Samuel Romilly*, who select such seeds, and dispose of them with all due care and attention, and add to the happiness and ornament of the community. Thus, from the selection and assortment of some scattered grasses, were formed the *Cerealia*, which nourish mankind, and the benefits of which have encircled the names of *Ceres* and *Triptolemus*, with the laurel of immortality. The little lawyers and publicists of that day, the *Sidmouths* and *Redesdales* of these times, would have said, “Cast away the weeds, useless, perhaps noxious. Let us never abandon our *acorns*. They fall down almost into our mouths from our providential tree. Follow not these innovators who would have us that walk on two legs, live and browse upon grass, like the brutes which walk upon four. Let us preserve our excellent and unequalled constitution of things, and distrust these

itinerant philosophers. They ask for statues, but we will give them stones. Away with them, and leave us to manage and meliorate the people.”

X,

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*For the Belfast Monthly Magazine.*

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I send you the two following articles, which may amuse your readers. They are at your service.

*Islington.*

T.O.C.

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EMBASSY FROM THE DUKE OF ANJOU  
TO HUGH, JUDGE OF ARBOREA, IN  
THE YEAR 1378.

THIS HUGH, whose alliance was sought by potent princes, was a descendant of that house of Arborea, by which the island of Sardinia, had been conquered about the middle of the twelfth century. The prince then reigning carried on a war with great success against Peter IV. of Arragon, surnamed the Ceremonious, the enemy of the Duke of Anjou; and the object of this embassy was to prevail on the judge to make an attack on the kingdom of Majorca.

The court of this petty prince exhibited a singular picture. To splendour and to ceremony it was a total stranger: but its manners were distinguished by energy, honour, and a degree of frankness, that the more polished world would often term rude. When the ambassadors were introduced to an audience of the prince, they found him reclined on a small couch, and having on bootkins of white leather, in the Sardinian fashion. Both the couch and the apartment were void of ornament. The prince was a haughty and savage islander. A stranger to the politics of European potentates, he considered every treaty as a sacred engagement, and had no conception of treaties made by way